LOVE LIGHTS THE WAY.

Struggles of a Young Couple to Keep the Wolf From the Door.

There is a young married couple in Milwaukee who have found it up-hill work to get along in the world. They came here two or three months ago to find work, having been married but a few days. The parents of both are well-to-do people, and it was no runaway match, for two pairs of paternal hands were laid on their heads in blessing when they plighted their troth. In fact, the young Benedict's father manifested his good will by giving him one thousand dollars in cold cash, and told him to buy a farm with it. The next Sunday they took a buggy ride, and when they stepped out from the vehicle the young man found that he had lost his money. A distracted search was made, but the person who had picked up the purse hadn't taken the trouble to advertise the fact very extensively. Not daring to tell his father that he had lost the money, the young man agreed with his wife that they should go as far away as the money they had would take them and try to earn the money back before returning home. They found they had just money enough to take them to Milwaukee, and on they came. When they had been here a week they found that making a living in a hard, cruel world was not like lying down on a feather-bed and having the old folks take care of you. The boarding-house keeper threatened to fire them out bodily if they didn't pay up; they hadn't money enough to take a street-car ride, and no prospect of getting any. They used the medium of the "want" column to tell an inquiring public that a man and his wife wanted a position together, the one as cook or domestic, the other as gardener or hostler or utility man about the house. It happened that just such a couple was wanted about that time at the Mitchell farm in the town of Greenfield. It turned out that the man would answer very well, but the young wife proved to be a very bad cook.

"Can you bake bread?" she was asked.

She sadly said she couldn't. Other questions elicited the fact that she didn't know enough about cooking to boil eggs, and so, of course, there was no job for her at the farm. Determined to live or starve together the husband threw up his job, too. It became necessary for the couple to change boarding-houses, and in this operation they left their trunks behind. When finally things looked pretty desperate for them they decided that perhaps, after all, they could not get places jointly, and the girl accepted a situation in a West Side family as second girl. The husband made up his mind that he couldn't get a job in Milwaukee and determined to go to Oshkosh. He had no money, and so one fine morning he started on foot for the home of the base-ball champions. When he came to the stock-yards, just beyond the city limits, he was gratified to find that he could get a place there, and he went to work at once. He works there yet and his wife is now employed in a laundry. The curious feature of the affair is that through all their trouble they have never faltered their resolution to write home until they have earned $1,000 and can go back to the old folks with it.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

LOUISIANA LEPERS.

How They Are Treated in the Acadian Colony by the Mississippi.

The discovery of two lepers in Philadelphia and the excitement which this event seems to have caused, was a modified reproduction of a far more serious affair, which, indeed, reached the dignity of a panic in a Southwestern Louisiana town last summer. It is a notorious fact that leprosy has existed and exists to-day in Southern Louisiana, but with rare exceptions it is confined to certain well defined localities, where the lepers live to themselves in colonies, holding no intercourse with their neighbors and separated wholly from the world. The two principal leper colonies are on the lower end of Bayou La Fourche and a prairie in Vermillion parish. The La Fourche lepers are the most numerous. They live in a swampy country, out of all lines of travel and, indeed, not easily reached. They are quiet, well-behaved people, inter-marrying with each other and thus perpetuating the fearful heritage to their children. The State Board of Health has made several attempts to investigate them, but they are so fearful of being arrested and taken up that they fled into the swamps when the officers visited them.

The existence of leprosy in the La Fourche district is well known, but the fact that the lepers held intercourse with those in good health, caused little alarm on their account. Early last summer, however, reports became current that leprosy existed in the town of St. Martinsville, the principal town of that section. St. Martinsville is known as the Acadian Paris. It is a town of 2,500 people, beautifully situated on the banks of the Teche, and one of the oldest settlements in the State. It is the seat of Longfellow's poem of "Evangeline," has a population of mainly Acadian origin, with old-fashioned houses, streets lined with orange trees, and with the civilization of France a century ago. It lies at the head of navigation on the Teche, and since a railroad has been built there, has become an important trade center, and does a large business with the surrounding country.

The rumor of leprosy was first heard last summer. The story gathered strength as it traveled, and within a couple of weeks had reached terrifying proportions. It was declared through all the surrounding country that there were from six hundred to one thousand lepers in St. Martinsville. The town was shunned as though it were plague-stricken. The people of the country refused to venture within its limits; its business died away, and a line was drawn around the town into which but few ventured. Every one suspected his neighbor of leprosy. Kissing and handshaking went out of practice, and the barbers had nothing to do because no one was brave enough to be shaved by a razor which might have been previously used on a leper. Two or three families who suffered from boils became pariahs, as every one refused to have any relations with them.

This condition of affairs, which continued for a few weeks, became finally intolerable, and the citizens of St. Martinsville requested the State Board of Health to send a committee to the town and investigate the alleged prevalance of leprosy there, so as to relieve the town of the panicky feeling. The president of the board himself went, an investigation was begun, the like of which has never before been seen. Every person in the town who was suspected, every one who had so much as a pimple on his face or hands was examined. The investigation showed that the leprosy story had this much foundation, that there were four persons, two women and two children, undoubtedly affected with this loathsome and disgusting disease, and two others who appeared to have it, but of whom it could not be fully determined. The lepers were removed and insolated, and the panic disappeared as rapidly as it had originated. The town of St. Martinsville is now free of the disease and doing its usual business.—*N. O. Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

OUR OLDEST CITY.

Relics of Spanish Origin Still Extant in Santa Fe, N. M.

Santa Fe, although somewhat aside from one of the great arteries of travel between the East and the Pacific coast, claims the attention of the tourist en route through New Mexico, both from the charm of its history and the visible relics of Spanish origin and rule still extant. There are yet more potent attractions in its excellent climate, shady gardens and leisurely ways. The heart of the town is a plaza surrounded by low adobe houses and shops, the monotone of the sky line being broken here and there by modern buildings of greater pretensions to style.

In the centre of the plaza, where the transverse walks meet, is a monument to the loyal men of New Mexico who fell in the late war. Studies abound of aboriginal New Mexicans who come down from the hills with Navajo blankets and other wares of Indian manufacture, and having realized, promptly proceed to get gloriously drunk. Scores upon scores of sad eyed little burros hasten in from the country every morning, each one heavily laden with faggots and crowd each other upon the corners of the narrow streets. Not far from the plaza an enterprising Hebrew conducts a highly profitable business in New Mexican curiosities, and it is only just to say that his adobe shop, with an immense Mexican cart upon its roof, is one of the most picturesque features of the city. In a large and handsome store fronting upon the plaza the visitor may watch native workmen making the famous silver filagree ornaments of the Mexicans. No tourist leaves the town without a visit to the ancient church of San Miguel, in which, although it was built about the beginning of the sixteenth century, services are still held upon Sundays. Near the weather-beaten door is a large bell, hung upon a rude frame, which was brought in the mellow old days of Spanish grandeur from the faithful of that devout peninsula to the church at Santa Fe. A large and imposing cathedral of stone, which has been in process of construction for many years, is now about completed.

Santa Fe, which retains to a greater extent than any other place in the Union its ancient characteristics, is now rapidly changing, as it is likely to be a centre of profitable mining industry. The stranger can profitably spend a day or so wandering about the crooked streets of Lamy, eighteen miles away, and studying its cosmopolitan population.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Old Chocolate's Wisdom.

De weader kills many a prophet.

De successful man has a-many cousins.

Ef watah cos' money, mo' ob hit ud be used.

Yo' nabah's cow allus gibs de riches' milk.

De wise 'coon walks backwuds toe 'is hole.

De stick dat'll make a good flute am useless ez a club.

De headache am at de wrong eand ob drunkenness toe wuck a cuah.

Some men ah so shif'less dey ud wait twell dey wuz thusty befo' diggin' a well.

Hit am easy to lie ef yo' stick to subjecks de oddah man doan' know nuffin' abo't.

A man may change res'dence, but he am boun' toe take 'is bad habits wid 'im along er de oddah truck.—*J. A. Waldron, in Judge.*

—Young Man—"I love your daughter, sir, devotedly. May I hope for a blessing from you?" Old Man—"Have you spoken to my daughter on the subject?" Young Man—"Yes, and she refused me." Old Man—"Well, doesn't that settle it?" Young Man—"No, sir. You forget that I am life insurance agent, and never take no for an answer."—*N. Y. Sun.*

WEALTHY INDIANS

A Tribe That Has Seven Million Dollars Bearing Good Interest.

A visitor to the Osage Reservation, Indian Territory, if he has a mind to study the human race under varying conditions, finds much of interest. He is inter primos among the aristocrats. The Osage Indians are about the only example now left in the United States of a real aristocracy. They do not depend upon Government rations, as do the Cheyennes and others, at all, but have enough of their own undisputed property to make them the wealthiest community in the country. Besides the land of the reservation, which belongs to them by a title hard to assail, they have about $7,000,000 bearing five per cent. interest in the hands of the Government. They are paid about $250,000 a year in cash. The entire tribe numbers only 1,600, so that they are actually the richest body of people we have.

The Osages have all the attributes of an aristocracy. They own the land, do absolutely no work, have plenty of money, know nothing of barter and sale, and therefore not much of the meanness which characterizes all commercial classes. They envy nobody, and are satisfied with themselves and their customs. With the virtues of aristocracy they have its vices. With generosity they have shiftlessness and laziness in perfection. Though magnificent pastures lie before them for miles, few of them take the trouble to own cattle, the majority preferring to buy beef cattle already slaughtered and cut up from the traders. They are not even hunters and fishers. Their lives are spent in lying around under tents and shantics, eating to repletion and filling their blood with impurities which they do not take exercise enough to get rid of. Bad habits have brought on bronchial and scrofulous diseases, which are helping to still further reduce their number. They have no faith in white physicians, and their own medicine-men have as much influence as one hundred years ago.

Each member of the tribe, including women and children, receives about one hundred dollars a year. The more wives and children an Osage has, therefore, the richer he is. In spite of this encouragement the tribe is decreasing. A white physician at the agency estimates that the rate of decrease is not less than two per cent. a year among the full bloods. The half-bloods are increasing. It can be at once reckoned that in another half century the full-bloods will have gone, and the splendid inheritance will be in the possession of white men and their children, even if no new policy is adopted by the Government to hasten the catastrophe.

The full-bloods are nearly all honest and manly in their way. They have an idea that every thing on the reservation belongs to them, and they go behind the counters and among the goods of the post-traders as freely as though they were proprietors. Up to a certain point they understand business—debit and credit—but not much beyond the simplest forms. As might be expected, they are chronically in debt. They want to buy every thing they see, and think little of prices, and give away as readily as they buy. Other tribes not so well provided with worldly goods are fond of visiting the Osages, and on these occasions the custom of "smoking" presents works to the disadvantage of the wealthier. Several hundred ponies and large amounts of various property have thus been given to the Kaws and other poorer tribes within a few years.

Can the Osages be civilized? Of course they can. They are not civilized, to be sure. They speak little English, and wear the blanket and breech-clout; they allow their women to die by scores and compel them to do all the work; they are too lazy to raise cattle when pasture and feed cost neither money nor work; they keep up the dances and paints, and cut their hair in helmet fashon. All these things they do, but they could be easily taught to adopt the customs of civilization. Five years of education scientifically applied would make them equal to the Cherokees in civilization, and superior to them in force of character.—*Kansas City Times.*

—A Jerseyman and a New Yorker met the other day, and the old, old quarrel over the old, old question, why New Yorkers always sneer at the smaller State, was renewed. "Tell me one fault the State has," the Jerseyman demanded. "Tell me one thing against New Jersey." "Oh, I don't want to go into details" said the New Yorker. "New Jersey don't amount to any thing, for one thing. Why, my dear sir, even Bartholdi's statue of Liberty turns her back on Jersey."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Dentist, facetiously to young man who has come to him to be treated in the usual way for toothache—"A good many years ago, young man, the only sovereign cure for toothache was to kiss a pretty girl five times. But you couldn't do that now, you know." Young man sadly—"No; there aren't any pretty girls in town."—*Detroit Free Press.* He should come to Boston.—*Boston Globe.* There wouldn't be enough of him to go around if he did so.—*Chicago Journal.*

—Teacher—"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?" Johnny—"I don't know, ma'am." "I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons, who is he that sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?" "The teacher."—*Golden Days.*

OF THE RIGHT STUFF.

Qualifying For the Honorable Position of Base-Ball Umpire.

A wiry looking man with a set expression of countenance walked up to a hackman in front of LaFayette Square in Buffalo, early the other morning and asked:

"You can call a fellow some pretty hard names, can't you?"

"Sometimes."

"Swear some, I s'pose?"

"Yes. Once in a while I swear," replied the hackman, wondering if he had been struck by a Salvation Army recruit.

"Get smoking, howling, tearing mad, rip people up the back, and make it red hot, all around your neighborhood, sometimes, don't you?"

"Well, I can make it pretty uncomfortable for people when they don't pay for this hack. I'm a terror to snakes when they come my way."

"Yes, that's what I thought. Start in on me."

"What do you mean? You don't owe me any thing."

"No matter, go for me."

"What shall I say?"

"Call me any thing; call me a liar."

"You're a liar."

"That's right; go on."

"You're a double-barreled liar."

"Good. Go right on."

"You're an eighteen-karat stem-winding, self-cocking prevaricator."

"Splendid. Keep it up."

"You're a mule-eared, dog-faced, squash-headed lying whelp of humanity."

"Tell me I don't know any thing."

"You're a fool."

"Make it stronger."

"You're a pimply, blubbering idiot."

"Come again."

"You're a crooked necked, wall-eyed knock-kneed imbecile."

"Now kick me," said the determined man.

"What for?" queried the astonished hackman.

"No matter, kick me. I'll pay you for it."

The hackman kicked him.

"Now grab me by the hair and drag me around four or five blocks."

The hackman did so.

"Now rub my nose in the dirt, tear my coat, jump on me and throw me over that fence will you?"

His instructions having been carried out, the set-looking man slowly dragged himself to his feet and wiping the blood off his face, and spitting the dirt out of his mouth, gasped: "Is that the best you can do?"

"I never treated a man worse in my life," said the hackman. "I couldn't. But who in the dickens are you anyway, and what does all this mean?"

"Well, you see," said the set-looking man, handing the hackman a dollar for his trouble, "I have just been offered a possition as base-ball umpire for the coming season, and thought before accepting it I would like to see if I had the stuff in me to hold the job. I guess perhaps I'll do." And the set-looking man limped slowly away just as a policeman, who had been interviewing a peanut stand around the corner, came along and wanted to know what all that row was about.—*Drift.*

INSURING WINDOWS.

Companies Called Into Life by the Meanness of Human Nature.

Kicking out a valuable pane of plate-glass to spite the owner of the premises is about as honorable a way to take revenge as whipping the little sister of a big boy who has "licked" you. And yet instances are of almost daily occurrence. Frequent breakage through cussedness, carelessness or accident many years ago suggested the organization of insurance companies to take exclusively this class of risks. England was their birthplace, and they emigrated to this country about fifteen years ago. There are now three companies doing business in this line in Chicago. None of these will touch fire risks, but all insure against any kind of loss which fire policies do not cover. Their plan is to take the importers' lists of prices, deduct 25 per cent. and charge 3 per cent. per annum on the remainder. When there is a loss they pay no money, but replace the broken glass at their own expense. On panes that are worth $500 or more they charge 5 per cent. gross, taking nothing off, because they are much more liable to breakage.

The charge on mirrors is from 3 to 10 per cent., according to size. The risks are considered extra hazardous because they are largely in saloons. In case of breakage they are replaced. This plan gives better satisfaction to both parties. In this city policies are outstanding to the extent of more than $1,500,000, but it is estimated that not more than one-fourth of the mirrors and plate glass are insured. The companies have an arrangement with the glass dealers and importers by which they get glass at a low figure; but even with this advantage they could not exist but for the salvage. A mirror worth, say, $200 may have a corner broken. It can be cut down in size and reframed at a loss of not more than 25 per cent., and becomes the property of the insuring company. A fair estimate of the yearly losses in Chicago places them at 1,000, a majority being the result of pure meanness.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Counsel (to witness, the father of a family)—"Why are you so certain, Mr. Smith, that the event occurred on such a date? May you not be mistaken?" Witness—"Impossible, sir. It was the day I didn't have to buy any of my children a pair of shoes."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—We use one billion tin cans in this country every year.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

Potter Palmer's Small Beginning and His Present Wealth.

A party of young people on an excursion in the Pennsylvania mountains last summer took refuge from the rain in a little country store. In the conversation Chicago was mentioned. The storekeeper threw open the door of a little back room, saying: "In that room once slept a clerk in this store. His wages were ten dollars a month. His name is Potter Palmer."

The several-times millionaire, when he steps out of his palace-like home on the lake shore, sees little that reminds him of the little Pennsylvania store. It is a pleasant scene he gazes on in the summer: the blue lake in front, a boulevard skirting its edges, shaded by tall trees and lined by costly mansions. There is a suggestion of wealth in it all. This entire locality was a swamp less than ten years ago. The lake encroached upon what is now the boulevard. There were pools of water and weeds, and general waste back of this as far as State street. Palmer's efforts are largely responsible for the change. He induced the building of the drive, its protection, and the draining and filling of the rest of the space. The property, when he began agitating its improvement, was worth ten dollars a foot. Now it is valued at four hundred dollars—the highest priced residence property in town. Mr. Palmer owns more than forty houses, scattered over the reclaimed tract. He was one of the first buyers. This, indeed, has characterized his operations in real estate. He has bought in advance, as it were. Palmer came to Chicago in 1857. Two or three years later he began picking up property. He went outside of the business district, which then centered around Lake street. He went down on State street and bought lots on the prairie. He foresaw the future of Chicago as few men did. When the Palmer House began building it was thought to be too far south for a hotel. Private residences were on Michigan and Wabash avennes directly back of it, and on the latter street, corner of Adams, was a large refreshment garden, with grand old trees. The night before the great fire Palmer was counted worth $2,500,000.

The day after that memorable event he was considered worth next to nothing. All of his buildings were gone, among them the Palmer House, then up to the second story, which alone swept away nearly $1,000,000. Palmer was compelled to cover every inch of his property with a blanket mortgage to borrow $1,250,000 to rebuild. Within the last year he paid the last remaining dollar of this loan and interest.—*Chicago News.*

COMMERCIAL UNION.

A Clear Statement of What It Proposes to Accomplish.

There now exists a customs line right through the middle of the continent. It has been aptly described as a barbed wire fence four thousand miles long, over which one brother can not trade with another brother to the extent of a bushel of potatoes without the intervention of the Government. The noble St. Lawrence, and the series of great lakes for a thousand miles marks the practical northern boundary of American commerce. To obliterate this customs line and make the whole American people one, commercially, is the object sought by the new movement, called commercial union. When one recalls the fact that Canada occupies a larger area on this continent than does the United States, it begins to dawn upon one that there may be in Canada something worth looking after. In the harvest just completed a handful of population in the distant province of Manitoba produced a surplus of 12,000,000 bushels of wheat, 7,000,000 of barley and 1,000,000 of potatoes; the average production of wheat was thirty-five bushels to the acre, against fifteen bushels, the average in the United States; and while almost everywhere else potatoes were a failure, so complete that one dollar per bushel is the price in the agricultural States, in Manitoba they were most abundant because of climatic advantages. It is claimed for Canada that she possesses iron, copper, nickel, gold and silver, asbestos, mica, phosphate and coal; that besides these her lumber is a vast continental asset greatly needed in the United States, and that her 5,000 miles of coastline of fisheries are the richest in the world. All these, it is claimed, under commercial union, would be opened to American enterprise and American profit, and immediately made valuable by the opening of a market. Commercial union proposes that a tariff of uniform height with that of the United States should be adopted by Canada as against the outside world, but that as between Canada and the United States there should be no tariff at all. The result would be that goods from Great Britain and all foreign countries would be met all over the continent by a high protective tariff, while the merchandise and manufactures of the United States would find a free admission.—*American Grocer.*

—Omaha Wife—"What under the sun are you doing?" Husband—"Trying to tie this string around my finger." "Why, I did not ask you to do any errand." "No, this string is to remind me that I have nothing to remember to-day."—*Omaha World.*

—A lobster caught in a Nova Scotia trap weighed thirty-two pounds, and fishermen said it was two hundred years old.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

—If any animal on the place should have sweet, clean hay, it is the cow, the product of which is daily finding its ways into the veins of the family, to promote health or produce disease. Too often, alas, it performs the latter office.—*Troy Times.*

—A very excellent professional baker in Louisville, Ky., lines his cake pans bottom and sides with thin biscuit dough, smoothly rolled out. After the cake is done this is peeled off. He claims that the cakes are of a uniform color, and are never burned or scorched.

—For a nice sauce take one-quarter of a pound each of currants and sultana raisins, and cut into small pieces the size of a currant, one-quarter of a pound of citron. Prepare a syrup of one pound of sugar with one-half a pint of water, mix in the fruit, and let it all come to a boil.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—Estimating the population of the United States at 50,000,000, enough corn is annually grown to allow each inhabitant at least one bushel per week. This is more than enough of corn alone to supply all the food required, but the larger portion is consumed by live stock, being thereby converted into meat.

—Prof. E. W. Stewart says: "When a beef animal is taken off grass to fatten, the flesh is diluted with a considerable amount of water. This water must be replaced with fat before there is any gain in weight; and this often requires three or four weeks, and this is a considerable item of expense in preparing the animal for market. If a stall-fed animal is turned out to grass in the spring, this is quite reversed. The fat of the stall-fed animal is simply diluted with water for several weeks. The gain in weight is very rapid, often four or five pounds per day."

—Very Delicate Muffins.—Beat one teacup of butter and one of sugar to a stiff cream; beat four eggs very light—yelks and whites separately—and beat them into the sugar and butter till quite light. To four quarts of flour put one-half teaspoonful of salt. Pour into the middle of the flour a cup of good home-made yeast—or whatever yeast you are accustomed to use—as much as you usually take for four quarts of flour; then stir in the sugar, butter and eggs, with two quarts of sweet milk. Let it rise over night, and bake in well-buttered muffin-risers in the morning.—*Farmer and Manufacturer.*

FARM MANAGEMENT

Some Cogent Objections to Hit-and-Miss Business Methods.

In these days of sharp competition narrow margins of profit, close calculation and the application of mathematical accuracy to the conduct of almost all human occupation, it is astonishing that the business of farming is still often carried on in such a loose way. In many cases it is very largely guess-work.

Every merchant and manufacturer knows that; to escape bankruptcy he must clearly observe business principles, and must at least keep accounts, simple perhaps, but complete and accurate. On the contrary, a good many farmers don't even keep a cash account; they know how much money there is in the wallet, but beyond this their financial affairs are very misty, and the income and outgo judged only by guessing, more or less shrewd. Yet farming is a business; indeed, it is the business of the country, upon the general success of which all others depend. The farmer is a manufacturer, and a merchant, and much more, of all persons he is the one who should conduct his affairs on the strictest business principles. The very fact that farmers so often utterly disregard fundamental business maxims and methods, without utter ruin, is in itself the strongest evidence that it is a business offering unusual security and a wide margin of profit when properly managed.

Every farmer's boy knows all the tables of weights and measures "by heart," but how little these are used on the farm. Even the size of the farm itself is a matter of uncertainty, dependent upon an old and unverified deed or the books of the assessor. There is no accurate knowledge of the size of the various fields or their actual produce; it is all guess work. The farmer guesses which cow gives the most, and guesses which is losing weight and which gaining, and guesses which gives the most milk in a year, and guesses which milk is the richest and so guesses at the merits and profits of all his stock, with very little actual knowledge as to any, and making frequent serious mistakes which are never known. And in the house they guess the cream is just warm enough to churn, and guess it won't pay to become patrons of the creamery. It is a wonder that clocks and watches are ever used in such places, instead of depending upon the sun and guessing at the time of day in cloudy weather.

A tape line, or a surveyor's chain in foot links, is an inexpensive article, and every farm should have one and use it, that the size of every field may be accurately measured and recorded, and the exact acreage of every crop known, not guessed at. And to apply ordinary prudence and system to one's business affairs the farm equipment should include scales of such capacity and variety as to enable a complete record of every thing going into the barn or storehouse, and of every thing consumed or sold. In place of estimates and rough guesses there should be a correct record of almost every occurrence on the farm which involves time or quantity, product, purchase or sale.—*American Cultivator.*